Hymns of the Higher Life

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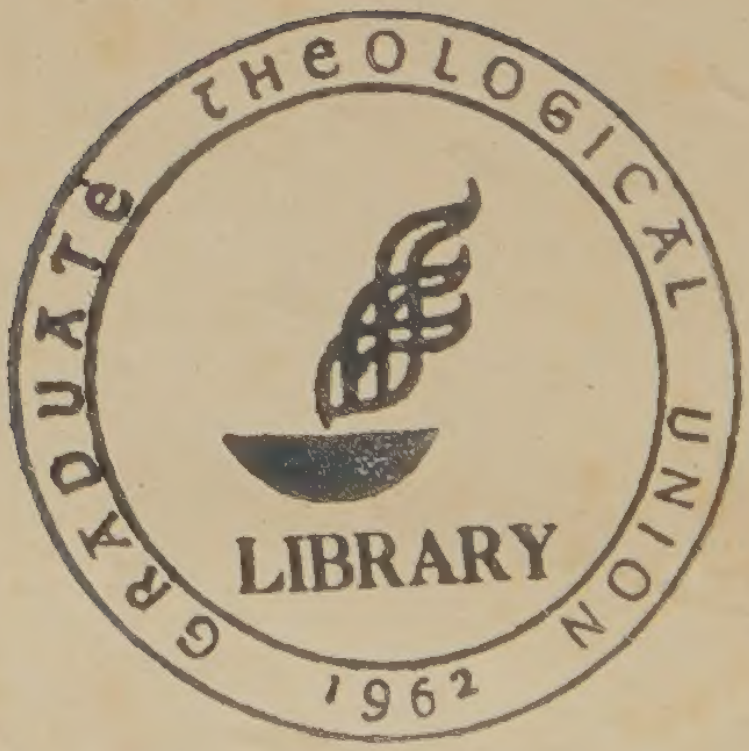
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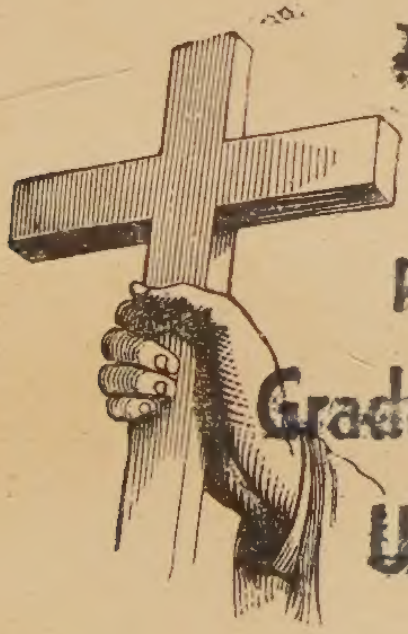
THE HIGHER LIFE



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P353

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS in nothing is the substantial unity of the Christian Church, with all her varying modes of worship and symbols of belief, more significantly seen than in her "hymns and spiritual songs." The theology of the intellect may be discordant; but the theology of the heart is harmonious. Hymns are the expressions of religious emotions, inspired by one eternal Spirit, in the contemplation of one divine Saviour, or in adoration of one heavenly Father. In the Psalms, saints of all ages, of all conditions in life, in all the varied experiences of joy and sorrow, find a common and ample utterance. Prayer and praise, desire and gratification, want and fulness, as the personal consciousness of individual men, never fail to find an adequate language for their expression in the inspired strains of the sweet singers of Israel.

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In like manner, in the "Hymns of the Ages," — the rich inheritance which the consecrated psalmists in our Christian Israel have bestowed upon the Church, — although the singers themselves differed widely in the circumstances under which they sung, in their views of church order and government, and even in their utterances of the doctrines of their common gospel, still their collected psalmody forms but one mighty organ of a celestial tone. Every separate singer opens a different "stop" in the sublime instrument; but all unite in a divine harmony, forming together a glorious diapason, resounding down the ages.

Mr. Toplady and Mr. Wesley were widely separated from each other in their "systems" of grace; but the former expressed the experimental effect of his view as he sang, —

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee;"

and Mr. Wesley poured forth from his lyre, in the fulness of his heart, his confession of faith, in the memorable words, —

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly;"

and these two precious hymns, as any one can see and *feel* in their reading, are *one.*

Our hymn-books have been greatly enriched in later years, and have become the treasure-houses of the abundant offerings which gifted hearts have placed upon Christ's altar. Many sweet hymns have been shortened to meet the requisitions of the "service of song;" and many other hymns, old and new, while full of melody and rich in doctrine, are not adapted to the public devotions of the sanctuary. But Christian readers are not willing to permit any of these heavenly chords to cease their vibration. They have another office to perform. They meet a want of pious hearts, becoming the choice companions of hours of meditation and prayer. Volumes containing these unabridged hymns are multiplying. They are, however, generally limited in their subjects. Very naturally, hymns of patience, consolation, and of heaven, form the staple of these compilations.

The present volume is devoted to the expression of religious desires and experiences in seeking for the highest form of the divine life upon earth, and of the consequent activities and charities to which a holy heart, pervaded with the spirit of Christ, will prompt the devout believer.

It has been difficult to make a selection from the abundant materials near at hand. The writer has sought to secure as wide a confession as possible of the glorious faith of true believers in their one divine Lord.

He has selected hymns both new and old, most of them worthy of their place for their lyrical excellence, and all of them for the truths which they embody. He has desired, while seeking to preserve the unity of the work, to present as large a variety as possible in the measure and style of these "spiritual songs."

He trusts the pleasure and profit which has attended their selection will be enjoyed by the readers of these pages; and that they will find in them an aid to meet the inspired exhortation, to teach and admonish "one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

B. K. P.

RIVERSIDE PARSONAGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND.

THUS, while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a nobler few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
The unbeaten way to God.
They soar beyond my laboring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below:
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God;
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

WATTS.

HYMNS

OF

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"Come up Hither."

DOWNWARD through the still air falling,
From the eternal heights above me,
Comes a voice so tender, calling,
"Wilt thou not, who fearest, love me?
Come up hither!
I who died for thee
All thy strength will be:
Come up hither!"

Seems the voice so far above me,
Yet so full of mercy! Teach me,
Thou divine One, if thou love me,
How in blindness I may reach thee.
All this dreary
Path which leadeth on
Must I tread alone,—
I, so weary?

"*Dreary*, when the cross doth guide thee,
And thou know'st its wondrous meaning?
Weary, when I walk beside thee,
Thou upon my bosom leaning?
Alas! with thee
Have I dwelt so long,
Still thou hast not known,
Hast not *known* me!

"Wouldst thou see me, thou who fearful
Falterest in the march? Uplifting
To the hills thine eyes, not tearful,
Gird thine armor on. The rifting
Clouds shall show thee
Where thy path doth lead:
Ah! thy weeping hid
Its fair glory!

"For the faithful and victorious,
Out of blindness, wide the portal
Openeth into light how glorious!
Out of death to life immortal!
Come up hither!
Fair in this sweet land
The many mansions stand:
Come up hither!"

MRS. A. B. C. KEENE.

The Believer's Consecration.

MY whole though broken heart, O Lord!
From henceforth shall be thine;
And here I do my vow record, —
This hand, these words, are mine;
All that I have, without reserve,
I offer here to thee:
Thy will and honor all shall serve
That thou bestow'dst on me.

All that exceptions save, I lose;
All that I lose I save:
The treasures of thy love I choose,
And thou art all I crave.
My God, thou hast my heart and hand;
I all to thee resign:
I'll ever to this covenant stand,
Though flesh hereat repine.

I know that thou wast willing first,
And then drew my consent:
Having thus loved me at the worst,
Thou wilt not now repent.
Now I have quit all self-pretence,
Take charge of what's thine own:
My life, my health, and my defence,
Now lie on thee alone.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet
What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

The Song of the Angels above.

EARTH has detained me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tired in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes,—
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, sits;
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strain
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
  Of time and space they run,
And speak, in most majestic sounds,
  The Godhead of the Son!—

How on the Father's breast he lay,
  The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
  Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
  And gentler notes they play,
And bring the eternal Godhead down
  To dwell in humble clay.

Oh sacred beauties of the Man!
  (The God resides within,)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
  His soul without a sin.

Then how he looked, and how he smiled,
  What wondrous things he said:
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
  And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
  And feel the gladsome rays:
He bids the dumb attempt to speak;
  They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
  Where'er he turned his eye;
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
  The hellish legions fly.

Thus, while with unambitious strife
  The ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labors of his life
  And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
  Groans with a strange surprise:
The rest in silence mourn their King,
  That bleeds and loves and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
  Cease their harmonious breath:
No blooming trees nor bubbling springs
  While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
  They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
  And show their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
  To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
  And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
  Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
  The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
  And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
  Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here;
  And so my soul should rise:
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
  My spirit to the skies!

There ye that love my Saviour sit;
  There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones or at your feet,
  So I might see his face.

I am confined to earth no more,
  But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
  And sing the Man I love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Looking to the Cross.

IN weariness and pain,
By griefs and sins opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's eternal Rest, —
The Lamb that died for me,
And still my load doth bear:
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.

Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love, like thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief;
Thy life hath ransomed mine.
The Crucified appears!
I see the dying God!
Oh, might I pour my ceaseless tears,
And mix them with thy blood!

My sorrows I forget
In view of Calvary:
I fall, and kiss thy bleeding feet,
And pant to share with thee.
Oh, were I offered up
Upon thy sacrifice!
Who would not drink the sacred cup,
And die when Jesus dies?

Thou seest my heart's desire:
I would thy cross partake;
I long to be baptized with fire,
And die for thy dear sake;
I long to rise with thee,
And soar to things above,
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TOILING ALL THE NIGHT.

"THE livelong night we've toiled in vain;
But at thy gracious word
I will let down the net again:
Do thou thy will, O Lord!"

So spake the weary fisher, spent
With bootless, darkling toil,
Yet on his Master's bidding bent
For love, and not for spoil.

So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought,
They muse whom God hath set to seek
The souls his Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake
Our pleasant task we ply,
Where all along our glistening wake
The softest moonbeams lie;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar
Our midnight chant attend,
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore
With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last:
Too soon some ruder sound
Calls us from where ye soar so fast
Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep:
No anchor but the Cross
Might hold; and oft the thankless deep
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary, anxious hour
We watch our nets alone,
In drenching spray and driving shower,
And hear the night-bird's moan.

At morn we look, and nought is there;
Sad dawn of cheerless day!
Who, then, from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay, and we are strong:
  Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
  And guide us to the strand,

In his own time. But yet awhile
  Our bark at sea must ride;
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
  All waters must be tried;

By blameless guile or gentle force,
  As when he deigned to teach
(The lone-star of our Christian course)
  Upon this sacred beach.

Should e'er thy wonder-working grace
  Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
  Aught human in the charm.

To our own nets ne'er bow we down,
  Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
  Reject us evermore.

Or if, for our unworthiness,
  Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment thou canst bless,
  So love at heart prevail.

JOHN KEBLE.

Divine Adoption.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear, —
An undisputed claim.

But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
Farewell the joy we knew!
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clew.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace,
And, strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

O Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
  Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
  No task but that of love.

'Tis love unites what sin divides;
The centre where all bliss resides;
  To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
  Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there;
And life assumes a tranquil air,
  Divested of its woes;
There sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
  In sacred, sure repose.

MADAME GUYON.

THE METHOD.

POOR heart, lament;
  For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
    Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move ;
For he is power : and sure he would ;
For he is love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book :
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
Written above there ? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

But stay ! what's there ?
Late, when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray ;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice ;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
"Glad heart, rejoice."

GEORGE HERBERT.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads ;
The day of liberty draws near :
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to his temple come :
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just ;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind ;
Thou never canst unfaithful prove :
Surely we shall thy mercy find ;
Who ask shall all receive thy love.

Nor canst thou it to me deny :
I ask, the chief of sinners I.

O ye of fearful hearts ! be strong ;
  Your downcast eyes and hands lift up ;
Ye shall not be forgotten long :
  Hope to the end ; in Jesus hope :
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove ;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
  Cast off your doubts ; disdain to fear ;
Dare to believe ; on Christ lay hold ;
  Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;
Tell him, " We will not let thee go
Till we thy name, thy nature, know."

Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
  And risen thy death for us to plead ;
To write thy law of love within
  Our hearts, and make us free indeed ?
That we our Eden might regain
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
  Which all thy great salvation brings :
The Spirit of love and health and power
  Shall come, and make us priests and kings :

Thou wilt perform thy faithful word, —
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

The promise stands forever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit joined to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word, —
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

CHARLES WESLEY.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No:
Go seek elsewhere."

I did, and, going, did a rainbow note:
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter:"
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower, —
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell;"
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a Princě of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived: yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many, wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtues lie therein, —
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it, and then repose;
And Peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE INDWELLING SPIRIT.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be,

And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made
Silently like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;

Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me thee.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

I AM HIS, AND HE IS MINE.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home:
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine; and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
"Go, worthless world," I cry, "with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine."

The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best:

He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come ; I take or I resign ;
Content while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen ;
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines :
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.
All may depart : I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine,
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore ;
But, when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

The Soul's Surrender.

OH happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done! — the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

What Then?

AFTER the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross, —
"All things below but loss," —
What then?

Oh! then, a holy calm,
Resting on Jesus' arm;
Oh! then, a deeper love
For the pure home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus' arm;
After this deepened love
For the pure home above, —
What then?

Oh! then, a work for him,
Perishing souls to win;
Then Jesus' presence near,
Death's darkest hour to cheer.

And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour,
What then?

Oh ! then, the crown is given ;
Oh ! then, the rest in heaven ;
Endless life in endless day ;
Sin and sorrow passed away.

E. J.

Bring the Children with You.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day :
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John ;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly ;
But he shook his head, and smiled :
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild ?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel" —

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If he lay his hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me:"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
  Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
  And blessed them with tenderest love ;
As he said of the babes in his bosom,
  " Of such is the kingdom of heaven ; "
And strength for all duty and trial
  That hour to her spirit was given.

JULIA GILL.

MY SAVIOUR.

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath planned :
I only know, at his right hand
  Stands One who is my Saviour.

I take God at his word and deed :
" Christ died to save me," — this I read ;
And in my heart I find a need
  Of him to be my Saviour.

And had there been, in all this wide,
Sad world, no other soul beside,
But only mine, yet he had died
  That he might be its Saviour.

One wounded spirit sore opprest,
One wearied soul that found no rest
Until it found it on the breast
Of him that was its Saviour, —

Then had he left his Father's throne,
The joy untold, the love unknown,
And for that soul had given his own,
That he might be its Saviour.

And oh that he fulfilled may see
The travail of his soul in me,
And with his work contented be
As I with my dear Saviour!

Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace, from this spring,
That he, who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

COME UNTO ME.

ART thou weary? Art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer, Yes."

FROM ST. STEPHEN.

Prayer.

OF what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear than thou canst die.

Of what supreme, almighty power
Is thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measured hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possessed, who, when thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove,
That, by destroying that which tied thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality!

Since, then, these three wait on thy throne,—
Ease, Power, and Love,—I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go;

I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PENTECOST.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came:
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay:
A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.

But, when he came the second time,
He came in power and love:
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
  Winged with the sinner's doom ;
But these like tongues, o'er all the earth
  Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
  The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
  Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
  Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad, —
  A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
  At that high warning start :
Conscience gives back the appalling tone ;
  'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
  The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
  No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set :
  A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
  Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

JOHN KEBLE.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART. — Ps. li.

GOD of unfathomable love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
Towards Adam's helpless race:
See, at thy feet, a sinner see;
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

Oh! let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies show,
Abundantly forgive;
Remove the insufferable load,
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
And bid the sinner live.

Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay;
Mine inmost soul convert;
Wash me from all the filth of sin:
Come, Lord, and make me throughly clean;
Create me pure in heart.

For all my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven:
I have abused thy patient grace,
I have provoked thee to thy face,
And dared the wrath of Heaven.

Thee, only thee, have I defied:
Though all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal,
Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell.

Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruined frame,
My essence all unclean:
My total fall from God I mourn;
In sin I was conceived and born;
Whate'er I am is sin.

But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity;
And, by thy grace, I humbly trust
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.

Surely thou wilt thy grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart
  Which did for sinners flow, —
The blood that purges every sin ;
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
  And make me white as snow.

Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
  Thy sweet forgiving voice ;
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
  May in thy strength rejoice.

From my misdeeds avert thy face ;
The strength of sin, by pardoning grace,
  Of all my sin, remove :
Forgive, O Lord ! but change me too,
And perfectly my soul renew
  By sanctifying love.

My wretchedness to thee convert ;
Give me a humble, contrite heart ;
  My fallen soul restore ;
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
  And never lose it more.

Have patience, till, by thee renewed,
I live the sinless life of God.
  Here let thy Spirit stay:
Though I have grieved the gentle Dove,
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy love,
  Or take thy grace away.

The comfort of thy help restore;
Assist me now as heretofore;
  Oh! lift thou up my head;
The Spirit of thy power impart;
Stablish and keep my faithful heart,
  And make me free indeed.

Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
Thy mercy mild, thy pardoning grace,
  For every sinner free;
Till sinners to thy grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
  And weep and love like me.

Oh! might I weep and love thee now,
God of my health, my Saviour thou!
  Thou only canst release
My soul from all iniquity:
Oh! speak the word, and set me free,
  And bid me go in peace.

So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
Thy gift of righteousness proclaim,
  Thine all-redeeming grace:
Open my lips, Almighty Lord,
That I thy mercy may record,
  And glory in thy praise.

No creature-good dost thou desire,
No costly sacrifice require;
  Thy pleasure is to give:
Thou only seekest me, not mine;
Thou wouldst that I should take of thine,
  Should all thy grace receive.

A spirit wounded, sin-distrest,
A broken heart that pants for rest, —
  This is the sacrifice
Well pleasing in the sight of God:
A sinner crushed beneath his load
  Thou never wilt despise.

Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruined soul repair;
  Remember Zion's woe;
Show forth thy justifying grace;
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
  A glorious Church below.

When thou hast sealed thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
  Their gifts, thou wilt approve,
Their every thought and word and deed
That from a living faith proceed,
  And all are wrought in love.

Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee through Christ alone,
  The dear peculiar race
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father and their King
  In endless songs of praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A GERMAN TRUST-SONG.

JUST as God leads me I would go:
  I would not ask to choose my way:
Content with what he will bestow,
  Assured he will not let me stray:
So as he leads, my path I make;
And step by step I gladly take,
  A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in his hands:
That which he has decreed and sent,
That which his will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfil,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will:
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;
That which his love ordained as right
Before he brought me to the light, —
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true:
His strength is ever by my side;
Can aught my hold on him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen:
God does not yet his guidance show;
But, in the end, it shall be seen

How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true he leads me still,
My trembling footsteps guiding.

LAMPERTIUS.

THE WHITE RAIMENT.

THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Each, entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true:
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom, —
That diapason of the light, —
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite;

But purity of perfect light,
  Its native, undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
  The purest of the dawn of day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
  Adorned with white, how fair art thou!
O robe of infancy, how bright,
  Like light upon the moorland snow!

O bridal hall and bridal robe,
  How silver-bright your jewelled gleam,
Like sunrise on the gentle face
  Of some translucent mountain stream!

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
  Like starlight upon marble fair!
Ah! surely it is life, not death,
  That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Mine be a robe more spotless still,
  With lustre bright that cannot fade,
Purer and whiter than the robe
  Of babe or bride or quiet dead.

Mine be the raiment given of God,
  Wrought of fine linen, clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
  Meet for his home of holy light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Working with Thee.

WORKING, O Christ! with thee,
Working with thee;
Unworthy, sinful, weak,
Although we be:
Our all to thee we give,
For thee alone would live,
And by thy grace achieve,
Working with thee.

Along the city's waste,
Working with thee,
Our eager footsteps haste,
Like thee to be:
The poor we gather in,
The outcasts raise from sin,
And labor souls to win,
Working with thee.

The little ones we greet,
Working with thee;
And oft thy words repeat,
"Come unto me:"
From sorrow, want, and gloom,
We bid them welcome home
Beneath our sheltering dome,
Working with thee.

Saviour, we weary not,
Working with thee:
As hard as thine our lot
Can never be.
Our joy and comfort this, —
Thy grace sufficient is:
This changes toil to bliss,
Working with thee.

So let us labor on,
Working with thee,
Till earth to thee is won,
From sin set free;
Till men, from shore to shore,
Receive thee and adore,
And join us evermore,
Working with thee.

ANNIV. FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

THE FRIEND.

COME from the dimness of the past,
Come from the mystery round thee cast,
Oh! come, and let my sad eyes see
The One who truly loveth me.

For thou hast known all human fears ;
Thine eyes grew dim with pitying tears ;
Thou bore alone thy heavy cross ;
Thou felt within all human loss.

So enter in this silent room.
And lift for me its veiling gloom :
Thou feelest all its fearful cost ;
Be more to me than treasure lost.

Low kneeling at thy feet, O Christ !
The heart that never was sufficed
Waiteth to have its aching stilled,
Waiteth to have its measure filled.

All human need and fear above,
What is the measure of thy love ?
By all thy passion, all thy pain,
Thou'lt wash me pure of earthly stain.

When life's gay music says, "Rejoice,"
I listen still to hear thy voice ;
I strive temptation's tide to stem ;
I try to touch thy garment's hem.

Can I so love thee, O my Lord !
That every promise of thy word
Will pour out frankincense and balm
Until the soul grows healed and calm ?

When all the pageant of my prime
Has paled, and passed to autumn-time ;
When I shall follow all alone
The beautiful procession flown ;

When youth and love together fly
The faded forms of dreams gone by ;
When I shall say at last, "At best,
But this remains, — the hope of rest ;"

As once to woman by the well,
With gentler words than words can tell,
Wilt take in thine the lonely hand ?
Wilt lead me to the living land

That fair beyond our seeking sight
Must wait to make complete and right
Life's far fulfilment, mocking sweet,
That lures us ever incomplete ?

O tender-hearted Master ! see
What love uplifts its cry to thee :
Like thee, with joy it would have died,
And for its own been crucified.

Thou feelest all its fearful cost ;
Be more than all my treasure lost :
Oh ! come, and let my sad eyes see
The One who truly loveth me.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

NOTHING TO DO.

"NOTHING to do" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do," thou *Christian* soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole!
Off with the garments of sloth and sin!
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint;
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

N. E.

My Angel-Dress.

HEAVENLY Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair:
Angel-vesture, undefiled,
Wilt thou give unto thy child?

Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose:
Discord weaves the gaudy vest;
Not in such let me be drest.

Take the raiment soiled away
That I wear with shame to-day:
Give my angel-robes to me,
White with heaven's own purity

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide:
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear;
Holding fast thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hinting heaven where'er I rove,
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me now the white robes wear,
Then I need no more prepare;
All apparelled for my home
Whensoe'er thou callest, "Come."

Thus apparelled, I shall be
As a signal set for thee,
That the wretched, poor, and weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of me," I hear thee say:
I have nought wherewith to pay;
But I give myself to thee;
Clothed, adopted, I shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

The Offering.

"SAVIOUR, is there any thing
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering at thy feet
Incomplete?

"Lord, bethink thee, I am poor;
Slender is my store;
Yea, my best is nothing worth
Even on earth,—

"Even to men: oh! then, how small
To the Lord of all,
Who, creating worlds anew,
As the dew

"Sweeps them lightly from their place
In the fields of space;
Counts the universe as nought
But a thought!

"Yet, since thou hast deigned to ask,
Oh, how sweet the task
(Though the gift be poor) to bring
Every thing!

"Every thing? Alas, this fear!
I may yet appear
Holding some dear bawble fast
At the last.

"Saviour, is there any thing
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering incomplete
At thy feet?"

Answered he, "If thou hast brought,
Clothing every thought,
Love to God, and love to man,
As men can;

"Charity for all who stray
From the narrow way;
Eager hands to draw them back,
And point the track;

"Gifts according to thy store
For the needy poor;
In my suffering ones dost see
Even me;

"If thy tears are swift to flow
For thy brother's woe;
Having strength, if thou dost seek
To raise the weak;

"If thou dost my mercy show
Even to thy foe;
Grant the pardon proffered thee
Full and free;

"Yea, if thou thy will hast brought,
Crossing mine in nought;
Faith that shall outlast thy breath,
Strong in death;

"Matters not thy world's estate,
Be it small or great:
This thy offering, thou dost bring
Every thing!"

"Nay, my Lord, my Lord!" I cried;
"I am sorely tried:
Nothing, nothing have I brought
That I ought!

"Cold my love to thee, Most High;
Cold my charity;
Idle hands and heart of stone
Are my own;

"Mine an unsubdued will;
Faith that gropeth still:
Yet, O God my Righteousness!
Bless, oh! bless.

"This, at least, to thee I bring, —
Meek petitioning;
Humble penitence and pain:
Is it vain?

"Strong desire to serve thee more
Than I have before,
And in thy suffering ones to see
Even thee!

"Now, indeed, my tears do flow
For all others' woe;
Tasting grief that doth surpass
All, alas!

"Hear me, Lord of earth and sky!
At thy feet I lie;
My confessions all I bring, —
Every thing.

"Pitying Lord, wilt thou despise
This my sacrifice?
Tell me, Saviour, do I bring
Any thing?"

Answered he, "At last, at last,
Is thy pride o'erpast!
Little is thy best, indeed;
Great thy need.

"Yet, belovèd of my heart,
I for thee did smart;
On the cross, in thy dear stead,
Bowed my head;

"Through Death's sharpest, sorest throes
I triumphant rose,
Even that thou mightest be
Raised with me.

"Is my love for thee grown less,
That I should not bless,
Or the lowliest sacrifice
Should despise?

"Nay, but I am satisfied,
Having all beside,
Since that erring heart of thine,
On my shrine,

"Broken, contrite, suppliant lies, —
Sweetest sacrifice!
In that offering thou dost bring
EVERY THING!"

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

LET US DRAW NEAR.

WHY stand I lingering without,
In fear and weariness and doubt,
When all is light within?
O Thou, the new and living Way,
The trembler's Guide, the sinner's Stay,
My High Priest, lead me in!

I know the mercy-seat is there,
On which thou sitt'st to answer prayer;
I know the blood is shed,
The everlasting covenant sealed,
The everlasting grace revealed,
And life has reached the dead!

Not the mere paradise below;
The heaven of heavens is opened now,
And we its bliss regain:
Guarded so long by fire and sword,
The gate stands wide, the way restored,
The veil is rent in twain!

Without, the cloud and gloom appear;
The peril and the storm are near;
The foe is raging round:

Then let me boldly enter in,
There end my danger, fear, and sin,
And rest on holy ground.

HORATIUS BONAR.

RESIGNATION TO CHRIST.

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

To rescue me from woe
Thou didst with all things part ;
Didst lead a suffering life below
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursèd death.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give ;
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?

Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh ! take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this, —
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good, below.

My Life, my Portion, thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF FONTAINE.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

COMPOSED IN PRISON.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit, and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Nought have I else to do:
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song:

He caught and bound my wandering wing ;
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly :
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison-walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

MADAME GUYON.

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay, till sin defiled my breast;
Till broken vows and earthly charms
Tired and provoked my heavenly Guest.

And now he's gone, (oh mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that grieved him so,—
Ye sins that forced him to remove!

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring;
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mournful string.

But, ah! your joys are ever high;
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God,—for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne:
His chariot, through the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright Belovèd down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high;
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy forever reigns;
No more the turtle leaves the dove:
Farewell to jealousies and pains,
And all the ills of absent love!

ISAAC WATTS.

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above:
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
The mists of earth away;
Shine out, O Light divine! and show
How wide and far we stray.

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear:
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a King to reign;
The world's long hope is dim:
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes; life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb; the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence:
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he:
And faith has still its Olivet;
And love, its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain:
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us ; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains ; a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in ;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness ;
Thy grace, the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own :
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong:
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine!
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

O Love! O Life! — our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own :
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds ;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine :
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee, all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done :
The solemn shadow of thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving name is given :
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship !
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
  Nor thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
  Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
  What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
  But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
  We pile no graven stone:
He serves thee best who loveth most
  His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
  Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
  The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
  The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
  Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas-bells,
  Thy inward altars raise:
Its faith and hope thy canticles;
  And its obedience, praise.

WHITTIER.

The Love of God.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way, —
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, thou canst protect;
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign:
By night we see as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee:
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

F. Austin.

"When thou hast shut thy Door, pray."

LORD, I have shut my door, —
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise:
Here in this silence they intrude no more.
Speak thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm, —
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door
Even on all the beauty of thine earth, —
To its blue ceiling from its emerald floor,
Filled with spring's bloom and mirth:
From these thy works I turn, thyself I seek,
To thee I speak.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion, — all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires, O Heart divine!
Stoop thou to mine.

Lord, I have shut my door!
Come thou and visit me: I am alone!

Come, as when doors were shut thou cam'st of
yore,
And visitedst thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear;
For thou art here!

MARY E. ATKINSON.

CHRIST LOVED UNSEEN.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not;
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

Like some bright dream, that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art.

RAY PALMER.

"ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU."

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

THAT mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep, for me:
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in *prayer* to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee;
From this good hour, oh! leave me nevermore:
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire;
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me. There have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power:
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be:
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer;
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

I HAVE FOUND IT.

COME, and rejoice with me:
For once my heart was poor;
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

Come, and rejoice with me:
I, who was sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

Come, and rejoice with me :
For I was wearied sore ;
And I have found a mighty arm,
Which holds me evermore.

Come, and rejoice with me :
My feet so wide did roam !
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

Come, and rejoice with me ;
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of his love,
And he had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong !

And now I know it all,
Have heard and know his voice,
And hear it still from day to day :
Can I enough rejoice ?

MRS. CHARLES.

Pencil-Marks in a Book of Devotion.

STRONG words are these: "O Lord! I seek but thee,
Not thine. I ask not comfort, ask not rest:
Give what and how and *when* thou wilt to me,
I bless thee; take all back, and be thou blest."

Sweet words are these: "O Lord! it is thy love,
And not thy gifts, I seek; yet am as one
That loveth so, I prize the least above
All other worth or sweetness under sun."

And all these lines are underscored, and here
And there a tear hath been and left its stain, —
The only record, haply, of a tear
Long wiped from eyes no more to weep again.

And, as I gaze, a solemn joy comes o'er me:
By these deep footprints, I can surely guess
Some pilgrim, by the road that lies before me,
Hath crossed, long time ago, the wilderness.

With feet oft bruised among its sharp flints, duly
He turned aside to gather simples here,
And lay up cordials for his faintness: truly,
Now will I track his steps, and be of cheer.

And, wearied, by this wayside fountain's brink
He sat to rest; and, as it then befell,
The stone was rolled away: he stooped to drink
The waters springing up from life's clear well.

And oft, upon his journey faring sadly,
He communed with this Teacher from on high;
And, meeting words of promise, meekly, gladly,
Went on his way rejoicing. So will I.

DORA GREENWELL.

THE REFUGE.

TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man! I fly:
Be my refuge and my rest;
For, oh! the storm is high.
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be:
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
Oh! descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succor been;
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin:
Oh, how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parched with thirst and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Never shall I want it less
When thou the gift hast given,
Filled me with thy righteousness.
And sealed the heir of heaven:

I shall hang upon my God
  Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
  Shall speak me up to thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"YE DID IT NOT TO ME."

I SAT, and gazed upon my sunny home:
  All pleasant things were there, —
Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing sounds
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
  The sunbeam glanced and quivered
    Through the many-colored pane,
  And the marble floor at the open door
    Mirrored it back again;
  The flowers blushed in beauty;
    The birds sang forth their glee:
I looked, and listened; and I thanked my Father
    That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been here
    In days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world he made, —

The Son of man, and yet the Son of God;
Despised and poor!
I thought of him when first his infant form
Needed a resting-place, and there was none:
The King of Heaven was waiting to be housed;
Earth's dwellings had no room!
I thought of him upon the mountain-side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon his loneliness;
For Jesus had no home!

I thought and thought, until my gushing heart
Groaned forth its longings:
"Oh! had I been there,
What tender ministry, what fostering care,
Wouldst thou have known,
Thou blessed One!
What kindly words!
What thoughts and deeds of love!"
The hot tears gathered fast:
I laid me down and wept.

Was it a breeze that stole into my room,
So like a voice?
That came quite close,—close to my burning brow,—
And whispered, "*Why not now?*"

It came again: I brushed the tears away;
And, as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard him say,
"But why not now?

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,
And close beside that door a broken stair.
And then a low, dark room.
The room is bare:
But in a corner lies
A worn-out form upon a hard straw-bed,
No pillow underneath his aching head;
A face grown wan with suffering, and a hand
Scarce strong enough to reach the small dry crust
That lies upon the chair
Go in; for I am there!
I have been waiting wearily in that cold room,
Waiting long, lonely hours, —
Waiting for thee to come.

"There's a low, quiet corner in a green churchyard,
Where deep shadows lie,
And sound of passing feet goes seldom by:
I want thee there.
In that still place, beside a new-made grave,
A woman has been weeping all day long.

None marked her where she sate ;
And now 'tis getting late,
And stars are coming out, —
Beautiful stars ! the stars
That used to gaze on me at Olivet ;
The chill night-dews are creeping through her frame :
She dares not venture back from whence she came.
She needs a home :
I called for thee, and waited ;
But thou didst not come.
I want thy pitying tears, that fell just now
Upon the jewelled slab, to fall upon her cheek ;
For tears can speak :
Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,
And leave me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,
Where to and fro, all through the busy day,
The sorrowing and the poor
Have found their way ;
And now, for very weariness,
His eyes are closed, —
Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked lovingly
On many a ghastly spectacle of woe, —
Looked into depths where loathsome miseries lie,

And never wept mere idle sympathy.
The heavy hand has fallen by his side, —
The strong, brave hand
That waited my command,
And then did deadly battle with the foe ;
That never flinched from any task
To which I called :
Were the way smooth or rough,
My bidding was enough.
Go in, and look ;
For tears have dropped upon the open book !

" That heart is burdened, —
Burdened for my sake :
Thou, in thy thoughtless ease, wilt let it break !
'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,
I called *two* willing servants to my feet :
I took them by the hand, and said to each,
'I shed my blood for thee :
Lovest thou me ?'
And then I gave *him* work, —
Large work within my fold.
He had no earthly store
Wherewith to feed my poor :
It mattered not ; I'd given *thee* my gold.
Where is it now ? Look at that pallid brow,
Sunk in its weary sleep :
The furrows are too deep ;

They tell the tale of many an anxious grief, —
Not *his*, but *mine!*

"Whence comes the wasting of that haggard cheek?
The guilt is thine.
He gave me all his time and strength and health:
I took it, and then asked thee for thy wealth, —
Thy *given* wealth; asked that it might be free,
Held in thine open hand for him and me.
Then came the years of conflict and of toil,
The days of labor and the nights of prayer;
Souls perishing in sin,
Few hands to fetch them in;
The hungry to be fed;
The naked to be clothed;
The outcast and the poor
Gathering about the door.
I wanted money, and I wanted bread;
I wanted all that willing hands could do;
I wanted the quick ear and ready eye,
Ay, and the deep, true soul of sympathy;
I wanted help, and then I called for thee:
I called and waited, and then called again.
Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?
I called and waited,
And thou didst not come!"

I tried to hold my breath, and hear him speak ;
But 'twas as though my throbbing heart must
break.
I could not lift my head ;
I could not sigh :
The crimson shame had burnt into my cheek.
I had no tears ; the very fount was dry.
Oh ! it was long, I cannot tell how long
That strange, cold stillness !
But I *felt* that he was waiting there, —
Waiting for me to speak.
I knelt upon the floor, and breathed his name :
Then, struggling, one by one the faint words
came, —
"Jesus, I *thought* I loved thee :
I remember well
That day when thou didst hold
My trembling fingers in thy piercèd hand,
And take me for thine own.

"And I *did* love thee ;
This poor heart beat true :
It was no fancied echo when the voice
That spoke thee mine
Responded, 'I am thine !'
But, O my Master ! can I dare to tell,
Thy faithless child has loved *thy gifts* too well ?

I looked on all things beautiful and rare, —
Looked on earth's flowers,
And thought them very fair.
I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,
And hoped it was thy will
That I might turn away from common men,
And love thee still.
I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life :
I did not like the turmoil and the strife
To come too near.
And thou wast in the thickest battle-tide
When thou didst call thy servant to thy side ;
But I was too far off,
And so I did not hear.

" My Lord, I will come nearer ; I will take my seat
Close to thy feet ;
I will come down where the gray shadows lie,
And there I'll listen, — listen every day
To hear thy voice.
It may be I must take a lower place ;
But let me have the shining of thy face.
It may be I must seek a humbler home ;
Let it be one where thou wilt often come :
Its door shall be upon the latch for thee,
And for the needy ones who claim
An interest in thy name ;

And I will stand and watch and wait to greet
The first faint echoes of thy coming feet."

N. Y. Observer.

A Sacramental Hymn.

HERE, O my Lord! I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed.
My strength is in thy might, — thy might alone.

I have no wisdom save in Him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher both in one:
No wisdom can I lack while thou art wise;
No teaching do I crave, save thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood.
This is my robe, my refuge, and my peace, —
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God !

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, but not the love, is passed and gone ;
The bread and wine remove ; but thou art here,
Nearer than ever, — still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the great feast above ;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy, —
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbor of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found ;
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
  There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
  But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones ;
  Thy bulwarks, diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right Orient pearl,
  Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
  Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah my sweet home, Jerusalem,
  Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crowned with glory great ;
  They see God face to face ;
They triumph still ; they still rejoice :
  Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
  Continually do moan :
We sigh and sob ; we weep and wail ;
  Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall;
  Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking-on;
  Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
  Such pleasure, and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
  Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green:
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
  The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks, on every side,
  The wood of life doth grow.

There trees forevermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
  And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
  Would God I were in thee:
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

F. B. P.

When I awake, I am still with Thee.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, "*I am with Thee!*"

Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer:
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee:
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, "*I am with Thee!*"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE MASTER'S INVITATION.

DEAR Lord, thy table is outspread:
What other could such feast afford?
And thou art waiting at the head;
But I am all unworthy, Lord:
Yet do I hear thee say,
(Was ever love so free?)
"Come hither, son, to-day,
And sit and sup with me."

O Master! I am full of doubt;
My heart with sin and fear defiled:

Come thou, and cast the Tempter out,
And make me as a little child.
Methinks I hear thee say,
"Come thou at once, and see
What love can take away,
And what confer on thee."

My Lord, to thee I fain would go,
Yet tarry now, I know not why:
Speak, if to tell what well I know, —
That none are half so vile as I.
What do I hear thee say? —
"Look, trembling one, and see
These tokens, which to-day
Tell what I did for thee."

Nay, Lord! I could not here forget
What thou didst for my ransom give,
The garden prayer, the bloody sweat;
All this, and more, that I might live.
I hear thee sadly say,
"If this remembered be,
Why linger thus to-day?
Why doubt and question me?"

Oh love to angels all unknown!
I turn from sin and self aside:
Thou hast the idol self o'erthrown;
I only see the CRUCIFIED;

I only hear thee say,
"A feast is spread for thee
On this and every day,
If thou but follow me."

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day!

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For his love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus:
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would wait my way to see;
Leaning, trusting, and confiding,
Since he orders all for me.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Holy happiness I find:
In the secret of his presence
He reveals to me his mind.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from his fulness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would choose that better part,
Flee from earthly cares and pleasures,
While I tell him all my heart.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I there learn his will divine;
See his smile, and catch his sweetness,
As he whispers, "Thou art mine."

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would pray to be kept there:
Clothed and hidden, washed, forgiven,
I may lay aside all fear.

Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me,
As I sit low at thy feet:
Oh! look down in love upon me;
Let me see thy face so sweet.

Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
Make me holy as he is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness!

J. H.

The Fellowship of Suffering.

THY cruel crown of thorns!
But where, O Lord! is mine?
Are there for me no scoffs and scorns,
Since only such were thine?

Or, having named thy name,
Shall I no burden take?
And is there left no thorn, no shame,
To suffer for thy sake?

Unscourged of any whip,
Unpierced of any sting,—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With thy sad suffering!

Yet thy dread sacrifice
So fills my soul with woe,
That all the fountains of mine eyes
Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced thy side
Gave wounds to more than thee:
Within my soul, O Crucified!
Thy cross is laid on me.

And as thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about stood flowers in bloom,
To sweeten all the air:

So, in my heart of stone,
I sepulchre thy death;
While thoughts of thee, like roses blown,
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my Dead!
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead,
Her spices all for nought.

O Lord! not so depart
From my enshrining breast;
But lie anointed in a heart
That by thy death is blest.

Or, if thou shalt arise,
Abandon not thy grave,
But bear it with thee to the skies, —
A heart that thou shalt save.

THEODORE TILTON.

The Throne of Grace.

THERE is a spot of consecrated ground
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found:
'Tis named (and Christians love the well-known sound)
The throne of grace.

'Tis here a calm retreat is always found:
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground;
Pure airs and heavenly odors breathe around
The throne of grace.

While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view commands;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands,—
Abodes of peace.

Terrestrial objects, disenchanted there,
Lose all their power to dazzle or insnare:
One only object then seems worth our care,—
To win the race.

This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of incarnate Deity:
'Tis here they find it good indeed to be,
And view his face.

A new creation here begins to rise, —
Fruits of the Spirit, flowers of Paradise,
Watered from heaven, in full and sure supplies,
By streams of grace.

Towards this blest spot the Spirit bends his ear,
The fervent prayer, the contrite sigh, to hear;
To bid the mourner banish every fear,
And go in peace.

Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind;
One who delights the broken heart to bind, —
The Prince of Peace.

Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope, our all!
Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall;
Here on thy name with love and faith to call
For pardoning grace.

Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The throne of grace.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

PERFECTION.

OH, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls;
To shun the eternal fires:
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh! utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above:
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,
  How little, hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
  Allure thee farther on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
  The Christian's daily task, —
Oh! these are graces far below
  What longing love would ask.

Dole not thy duties out to God;
  But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus: his sweet blood —
  How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh:
  It is not hard to love.
If thou wert sick for want of God,
  How swiftly wouldst thou move!

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
  Cold watch, and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
  If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs:
  Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
  From hour to hour may say.

Oh ! keep thy conscience sensitive ;
No inward token miss ;
And go where grace entices thee :
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide ;
Love him as he loves thee :
Faith and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

FABER.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

"No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." — JOHN vi. 44.

LORD, weak and impotent I stand,
As fettered by an unseen hand :
Break thou the strong and subtle band,
And draw me close to thee.

In vain I struggle to be free ;
I would, but *cannot*, fly to thee :
Ope thou the prison-door for me,
And draw me close to thee.

But can a sinner hope to be
Thus sweetly drawn and bound to thee ?

Lord, in thy Word this truth I see:
Then draw me close to thee.

Oh! bring me nearer, *nearer* still,
That thine own peace my soul may fill,
And I may rest in thy sweet will:
Lord, draw me *close* to thee.

Then shall my heart on thee repose,
And find a balm for all life's woes,
When thou shalt shield from all my foes,
And draw me *close* to thee.

Here, Lord, I would *forever* bide,
And never wander from thy side:
Beneath thy wings do thou me hide,
And draw me *close* to thee.

M. A. W.

JESUS, THE LADDER OF MY FAITH.

JESUS, the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper-walls of heaven;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic Seven.

The glory of the rainbowed throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame ;
As once, on earth, thy love divine
Burned through the robes of human shame.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord !
The same dear Christ that thou wert then ;
And all the praises angels sing
Delight thee less than prayers of men.

We have no tears thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils ;
And thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmèd music of thy voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

Prayer against the Power of Sin.

OH that Thou wouldst — the heavens rent —
In majesty come down,
Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for Thine own !

Descend, and let Thy lightning burn
The stubble of Thy foe ;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will :
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load ?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all ?
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall.

Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ;
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail :
Nearer to save thou art ;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

Lo ! to the hills I lift mine eye ;
Thy promised aid I claim :
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favorite Jesu's name.

Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for every wound,
All, all I want is there.

Jesu ! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty ;
Shed forth the virtues of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

Faith to be healed thou know'st I have ;
For thou that faith hast given :
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
Thou wilt victorious prove :
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet, let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise, —
Shall rise, and break through all.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or, day and night, my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One, who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite :
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light :
He tempers all.

Safe to the land ! — safe to the land !
The end is this ;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

NONE BUT THEE.

NOTHING fair on earth I see
But I straightway think on Thee :
Thou art fairest in my eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies.

When I see the reddening dawn,
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To Thy glorious form divine.

Oft I think upon Thy light
When the gray morn breaks the night ;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all eternity !

When I see the moon arise
'Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, "More glorious far
Is the Maker of each star;"

Or I think in Spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied lines I see,
"What must their Creator be!"

When along the brook I wander,
And beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing, and mount
Up to Thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale;
Sweet the flute's soft, plaintive tale:
Sweeter than their richest tone
Is the name of Mary's Son.

Sweetly all the air is stirred
When the echo's call is heard;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Belovèd's voice.

Come, thou fairest Lord, appear;
Come, let me behold thee near:
I would see thee face to face;
Thy perfect image I would trace.

Take away these veils that blind,
Jesu, all my soul and mind:
Henceforth, ever let my heart
See thee truly as thou art.

ANGELUS.

"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE."

O LORD my God! do thou thy holy will:
I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile:
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways.
Be silent, Praise!
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-Devotion high and pure;
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.

Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood and fire:
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,

Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above the earth, — so rich a spell
Floats round their steps where'er they move.
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er he go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child, —
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round his throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where he trod
May set our steps. The cross on Calvary,
Uplifted high,
Beams on the martyr hosts, — a beacon-light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from heaven to hell descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at his dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will, but thine, be done:"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling forever to thy breast
In perfect rest.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE ROBE OF HOLINESS.

SOMETIMES I upward lift mine eyes,
And, filled with pleasure, see
The happy hosts that throng the skies, —
The blood-washed company.

"How beautiful their robes!" I say;
"Their garments all, how white!
Fair as the sun's ascending ray,
And clear as noonday light."

O Saviour! thou hast made them clean, —
The garments that they wear;
And all who wash in thee their sin
May in those garments share.

I, too, may wear that spotless dress;
Its beauty I may prove:
It is the robe of holiness,
The dress of perfect love.

PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

("The Christian Intelligencer" introduced to its readers this beautiful hymn, which first appeared in its columns, with these appropriate remarks: "There is no doubt that Cowper's hymn, 'Oh for a closer walk with God!' presents a phase of Christian experience that is common, although so far from the true Scripture standard of spiritual life, which declares it to be that of 'the shining light, growing *brighter and brighter* unto the perfect day.' There are many Christians, however, — and, God be praised! their number is rapidly increasing, — who have learned that declension, doubts, and gloom are not a *necessary* part of Christian experience; that spiritual enjoyments and progress *need* not be interrupted: and yet the sincere, honest cry of the heart is, 'Oh for a CLOSER walk with God!' The class who cannot *truthfully* sing the whole of Cowper's hymn will find the following paraphrase, by a lady, more perfectly to express their experiences and aspirations.")

OH for a closer walk with God,
A higher, holier frame,
A brighter light upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Rich blessedness e'en now I know,
In converse with the Lord:
Soul-quickening views are granted me
Of Jesus and his word.

But there are lengths and breadths of love
My spirit would attain,
Deep things of God that I would search,
Heights that I long to gain.

And I would have this soul of mine
Made clean and pure within, —
My Saviour's chosen dwelling-place,
Free from all taint of sin.

The work is thine, O holy Dove!
I gladly welcome thee:
Come in, blest Spirit of the Lord!
Possess both mine and me.

Thou knowest all; thou canst do all;
Bring captive every thought
In swift obedience to His will
Whose blood my peace hath bought.

Thus henceforth 'tis no longer I,
  But Christ that dwells in me:
To win me *wholly* for his own,
  He died upon the tree.

So shall my walk be close with God;
  Calm and serene my frame;
And heavenly glory gild the road
  I journey with the Lamb.

Self-Consecration.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
  That I have lived to thee no more,
And wasted half my days.
My inward powers shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name:
I would not speak but for my God, nor move
  but to his praise.

What are my eyes but aids to see
The glories of the Deity,
  Inscribed with beams of light
On flowers and stars? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green and gold;
But, when I try to read thy name, a dimness
  veils my sight.

Mine ears are raised when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in:
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns begin?

Change me, O God! My flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire;
My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or show my zeal in death.

ISAAC WATTS.

TAKE ME, O MY FATHER! TAKE ME.

TAKE me, O my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let thy will in me be done.

Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod:
Weary come I now, and praying;
Take me to thy love, my God.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin:
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer, —
Gift unworthy love like thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree:
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

Father, take me ; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast :
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

RAY PALMER.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

THOU art the Way !
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee :
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray,
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free :
Thou art the Way !

Thou art the Truth !
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth ;
It starves while learning poison from the grain :
Thou art the Truth !

Thou art the Truth !
Truth for the mind, grand, glorious, infinite ;
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth ;
Bread for the heart, its daily need to meet :
Thou art the Truth !

Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In Thee we look on God, and love and live:
Thou art the Light!

Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock;
On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art our Rock!

Thou art the Life!
All ways without Thee, paths that end in death;
All life without Thee with Death's harvest rife;
All truths dry bones, disjoined, and void of breath:
Thou art the Life!

For Thou art Love!
Our Way and End! the way is rest with Thee;
O living Truth! the truth is life in Thee;
O Life essential! life is bliss with Thee:
For Thou art Love!

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTA FAMILY."

In Him we live.

I KNOW thou art not far,
My God, from me: yon star
Speaks of thy nearness, and its rays
Fall on me like thy touch. Oh! raise
These eyes of mine
To see thy face, — even thine,
My Father and my God!

Thou speakest, and I hear:
What gracious, heavenly cheer
Is in thy gentle speech, my God!
How it lifts off the heavy load
Which bows my weary head,
And checks me in my speed,
My gracious God and Lord!

Thou knowest all I am,
My evil and my shame;
And yet thou hat'st me not,
Nor hast even once forgot
Thy handiwork divine,
This helpless soul of mine,
My ever-loving Lord!

Thou wilt be nearer yet;
And one day I shall get

The fuller vision of thy face,
In all its perfect light and grace,
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And in thy kingdom bear my part,
My blessed King and God!

HORATIUS BONAR.

TO YONDER SIDE.

LUKE viii. 22–25.

BEHIND the hills of Naphtali
The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried, —
The chosen Twelve stood by, —
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Quietly o'er the water she creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread;
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps,
With a pillow 'neath his head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest;
Sleep flies the guilty eye:
But He who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow:
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master! Master, wake!
Carest thou not to save?"

Calmly he rose with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest:
"Ye waves," he whispered, "peace! be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul!"

And now he bends his gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er:
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder shore.*"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why he died,
He pointed o'er Life's narrow sea,
And said, "*To yonder side.*

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar:
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest. — *To yonder shore.*"

Peaceful and calm the tide of life
When first I sailed with thee;
My sins forgiven, no inward strife,
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves;
My soul is tempest-tost;
Corruptions rise like angry waves:
"Help, Master! I am lost!"

"Peace, peace! be still, thou raging breast!
My fulness is for thee."
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest
Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel this holy eye
  Upbraids my heart of pride:
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
  I said, *To yonder side.*"

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE.

THUS WOULD I LIVE.

LORD, I desire to live as one
  Who bears a blood-bought name;
As one who fears but grieving thee,
  And knows no other shame;

As one by whom thy walk below
  Should never be forgot;
As one who fain would keep apart
  From all thou lovest not.

I want to live as one who knows
  Thy fellowship of love;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
  The pearl-built gates above;

As one who daily speaks to thee,
  And hears thy voice divine
With depths of tenderness declare,
  "Beloved! thou art mine."

I want to walk as one who knows
The guilt that lurks within,
Yet trusts, in humble faith, that blood
Which cleanses from all sin;

To dwell more near my Saviour's face
Than ever yet before;
To lean upon his loving breast,
And own him *Conqueror.*

J. H.

Union with Christ.

THEY love their blessed Leader. Not more close
The branches cling unto the parent tree
Than are his followers bound to Christ. They loose,
Like him, their hold on earthly things. They free
Their hearts from the strong bonds of selfishness,
And yield for general good their private weal.
Where'er is want, despondency, distress,
They have the hand to toil, the heart to feel.
'Tis thus the Saviour taught them. They are one

With him, and in their souls his image bear,
Rejoicing in the likeness. As the sun
Doth spread his radiance through the fields of air,
And kindle in revolving stars his blaze.
He pours upon their hearts the splendor of his rays.

PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

PANTING FOR DIVINE LOVE.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love, —
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this, —
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Oh that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove !
Thou know'st (for all to thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord ! and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.

Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord ! to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require ;
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above :

Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me thy only love to know;
Give me thy only love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HUMBLE SERVICE.

IT is an easy thing to say,
"Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;"
And easy in the bitter fray
For his defence to draw the sword.

But when at his dear hands we seek
Some lofty trust for him to keep,
To our ambition, vain and weak,
How strange his bidding, "Feed my sheep"!

"Too mean a task for love," we cry;
Remembering not, if in our pride
We pass his humbler service by,
Our vows are by our deeds denied.

O Father! help us to resign
Our hearts, our strength, our wills, to thee:
Then even lowliest work of thine
Most noble, blest, and sweet will be.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

Forever with the Lord.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen: so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to Faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along its hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower:

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SIMPLE TRUST.

STILL, still, without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,
This fervor of holy desire;

And often exclaim,
"Let me die in the flame
Of a love that can never expire!"

Had I words to explain
What she must sustain
Who dies to the world and its ways, —
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately checker her days, —

Thou sweetly severe!
I would make Thee appear
In all Thou art pleased to award,
Not more in the sweet
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This faith in the dark,
Pursuing its mark
Through many sharp trials of love,
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to passed
On the way to the Canaan above.

MADAME GUYON.

The Hidden Life.

TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.

My laboring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare:
Like precious wines, their tastes they lose,
Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear, —
Sweet is the ointment of his name;
Nor life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was,
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints:
Such honor may he give to you!
For such have all his saints.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet, --
The hour of prayer?

Blest be the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Oh! till I reach yon peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE CANCELLED BOND.

HE gave me back the bond,—
It was a heavy debt;
And, as He gave, He smiled, and said,
"*Thou wilt not Me forget.*"

He gave me back the bond,—
The seal was torn away;
And, as He gave, He smiled, and said,
"*Think thou of Me alway.*"

That bond I still will keep,
Although it cancelled be:
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.

I look on it, and smile;
I look again, and weep:
This record of His love to me
Forever will I keep.

A *bond* it is no more;
But it shall ever tell
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel.

Hear my Cry.

O STRONG to save and bless,
My Rock and Righteousness!
Draw near to me:
Blessing and joy and might,
Wisdom and love and light,
Are all with thee.

My Refuge and my Rest!
As child on mother's breast,
I lean on thee.

From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me.

Turn not away thy face;
Withhold not needed grace;
My fortress be.
Perils are round and round;
Iniquities abound:
See, Saviour! see!

Come, God and Saviour, come!
I can no more be dumb;
Appeal I must
To thee, the gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone,
I sink in dust!

Oh, answer me, my God!
Thy love is deep and broad;
Thy grace is true:
Thousands this grace have shared;
Oh! let *me* now be heard;
Oh! love *me* too.

Descend, thou mighty Love, —
Descend from heaven above;
Fill thou this soul;

Heal every bruisèd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
And make me whole.

'Tis knowing thee that heals;
'Tis seeing thee that seals
Comfort and peace.
Show me thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God,
Then troubles cease.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

O LOVED! but not enough, though dearer far
Than self and its most loved enjoyments are:
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know:
Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
Man in the post of honor, thee behind.

Reason exclaims, "Let every creature fall,
Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all!"
And Faith, o'erwhelmed with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the Only-Wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known!
Nothing is great or good but God alone:
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know its place.

Glorious Almighty, first, and without end!
When wilt thou melt the mountains, and descend?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise?

Thy glory is the sweetest heaven I feel;
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal.
Thy love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite
To make thy glory my supreme delight :
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days.
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !

My soul, rest happy in thy low estate.
Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great :
To take the impression of a will divine —
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess him righteous in his just decrees ;
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
Then thou hast crowned him, and he reigns indeed.

MADAME GUYON.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me :
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find him lifting up my head ;
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.

Thy love I soon expect to find
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

When Christ doth in my heart appear,
And Love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.

When God is mine, and I am his,
Of Paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell
Or angel-minds conceive.

Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

May I, may all who humbly wait,
The glorious joy receive, —
Joy above all conception great,
Worthy of God to give!

Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine:
Thy promise stands forever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE VOYAGE.

'TWAS lovely all, — this glorious earth,
With sunny garniture of bloom:
I walked in light and beauty forth,
And well-nigh had forgot the tomb.

Well-nigh, alas! There was a breath
Of poison on the summer air;
And life and joy, disease and death,
Seemed often, strangely, blending there.

And whispered tones of coming ill:
Ah me! I could not choose but hear
That life was but a gliding rill,
And death's dark waves were rolling near.

Which way to fly? That murmuring stream
Was music to my spell-bound ears:
I strove as in a midnight dream,
Pleasant, but still disturbed with fears.

I strove and conquered, broke the spell,
And asked again which way to fly;
Turned from the path that leads to hell,
But saw no other pathway nigh.

Far off upon the distant sea
There lay a bark of wondrous size:
With canvas spread, she seemed to be
A cloud upon the summer-skies.

A waving flag, of crimson fold,
Circled the lofty topmast round:
Upon it blazed, inwrought with gold,
These cheering words, "For Zion bound."

For Zion bound, that bark had borne
  Its thousands to a happier shore ;
And though 'twas old, and sadly worn,
  I knew 'twould bear its thousands more.

I stretched my arms : they saw me there,
  Half deluged by the driving spray ;
They lowered a boat with anxious care,
  And made the shore whereon I lay.

Just then a little shallop passed,
  With trim white sails and pennons gay :
Mount Zion, too, was on *her* mast,
  As o'er the waves she winged her way.

"Take me !" I cried with frantic wail,
  As down upon the breeze she bore :
They turned her helm, and shifted sail,
  And ran her close along the shore.

"On board !" they cried : "we run a race
  For Zion's port ; and, close beside,
A thousand boats are on the chase,
  While we are losing wind and tide."

With eager haste I seized a hand
  That quickly drew me from the shore :
I only thought of Zion's land ;
  Of life, — of life forevermore.

Ah! beautiful it was to fly
So like an eagle in the air;
To pass the shore so quickly by,
And dream that we were almost there;

To dream the passage would be short:
Alas! it seemed not thus to me.
We touched along from port to port,
But seldom ventured out to sea.

We would not run our race in vain,
But snatched the good each moment brings,
And made our godliness a gain
By bartering it for earthly things.

Our colors floated on the breeze
With Zion's flag of crimson glow;
But colors too, diverse from these,
Were floating o'er our decks below.

We sang the songs of Zion's hill;
On holy-days our raptures told;
But often anchored where the chill
And sluggish streams of Babel rolled.

And there our earthly love prevailed,
Till hushed at last was Zion's song;
And e'en the port for which we sailed
No longer seemed to urge us on.

All things to us were lawful then,
  All things expedient and divine, —
To buy and sell the souls of men,
  And lay them on our Moloch shrine ;

To tamper thus with earthly dross,
  To wear its tinsel bright and gay,
Till every vestige of the cross
  Had faded from the soul away.

One night — alas ! can I forget
  The horrors of that awful night,
When billows washed our reeling deck,
  And storm-winds blew with fearful might ?

" Unlade the ship ! " The trumpet-tone
  Above the bellowing tempest roared :
" Bring forth your treasures, every one,
  And quickly cast them overboard."

We brought our merchandise of souls,
  And cast it on the foaming wave :
Back on itself the billow rolls,
  And opens wide a watery grave.

We brought our treasures with a sigh,
  Our earthly treasures, one by one :
They turned to bubbles ; floated by,
  Upon the angry surges borne.

One moment more, — a moment brief, —
And, clinging to that sea-washed deck,
The storm-wind bore us to a reef,
Where all was cast, a shapeless wreck.

All, all was gone! each beam and spar!
'Twas then we raised our failing eyes,
And saw, amid the clouds afar,
A ray of starlight in the skies.

And just beneath this cheering ray,
Far down upon the troubled sea,
We saw that ship that in the bay
So old and worn appeared to be.

On, on her course, with sails unfurled,
She like a spirit seemed to glide,
While mountain-waves were o'er her hurled,
And breakers roared on either side.

"Save us! we perish!" — loud the cry
That rose above the tempest's wail;
While through the mist we strained our eye
To watch that swiftly-gliding sail.

"Fear not; 'tis I!" The ocean spray
A moment spread its misty pall;
The next upon the deck we lay,
Saved, saved at last, but stripped of all.

The storm is past, and sunlight steals
  Along the waters bright and free,
And to the eye of faith reveals
  The land that lies beyond the sea.

We pause no more to fling our gold
  For pebbles on the nearest strand,
But keep our wealth, of price untold,
  And lay it up for Canaan's land.

And should the storms again o'erwhelm
  Our bark upon Life's changing sea,
If Jesus holds our vessel's helm,
  The storm and calm alike shall be.

High on the raging billows borne,
  Or sweetly wafted o'er the deep,
Alike to us the calm or storm,
  If Israel's guard our watch shall keep.

And when the ransomed of the Lord
  With singing unto Zion come,
And every harp, from every chord,
  Shall shout the pilgrim's welcome home;

When, far beyond the billow's roar,
  The hidden rock, the treacherous sand,
We furl our sails, and hail the shore,
  The verdant shore, of Zion's land, —

Oh! then we'll sing of dangers past,
Of toils that made our bliss complete,
That brought our crowns and palms at last
As trophies at the Saviour's feet.

MRS. MARY MAXWELL.

A HEAVENLY BREEZE.

IT comes, it comes! I know not why:
The wings of love divine surround me;
And God is stooping from on high
To shed the air of heaven around me.

It brings a calm, a Christ-like peace,
'Mid inward music sweetly flowing;
It whispers, "Free and sovereign grace
This heavenly breeze is now bestowing."

I feel it, aye, most mild and sweet,
In fragrant waves now gliding o'er me:
It circles round my heart's retreat,
And fans away the mists before me.

It is not fancy that deludes;
'Tis no impulsive flight of feeling;
'Tis no illusion that intrudes;
But 'tis the Holy Spirit's sealing!

Come, Holy Spirit! waft along
A constant breeze to breathe around me;
And let me hear the seraphs' song
While heavenly atmospheres surround me.

Still let me have this lamb-like frame,
And bask amid thy beams bright shining,
And feel thy love's encircling flame,
My heart with thine in union twining.

So shall I dwell in heaven below;
On me thy full salvation pouring:
On "eagle's wings" to God I'll go,
And fall before his throne adoring.

The Gospel in the Lord's Supper.

NO gospel like this feast
Spread for thy Church by Thee:
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

Picture and parable!
All truth and love divine,
In one bright point made visible,
Hence on the heart they shine:

All our redemption cost;
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost;
All it cost Thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced;
To us the Bread of Life.

To thee our curse and doom
Wrapped round thee with our sin,
The horror of that mid-day gloom,
The deeper night within;

To us thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye blessed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight;

From that dark depth of woes
  Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
  Thy love prepares with God;

Till, from self's chains released,
  One sight alone we see;
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
  Behold thee, — only thee.

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTA FAMILY."

LOVE TO CHRIST, PRESENT OR ABSENT.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
  Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel:
In all my hopes and all my fears
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove:
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes and charms and fires my love.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart:
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind:
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,
And long and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain;
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God: yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

ISAAC WATTS.

The Alpine Sheep.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death,
Like a long, misty twilight, lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love: —

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And, when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pastures green
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But nought can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow;

"And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway, —
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep ;
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."

MRS. MARIA LOWELL.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart ;
Come, struggle to be free :
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be.

My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear ;
Ye dearest idols, fall :
My love ye must not share ;
Jesus shall have it all.
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart ;
But, ah ! thou must consent, my heart.

Ye fair, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell :
Ye cherished joys of former years —
Jesus, forgive these parting tears !

But must I part with all ?
My heart still fondly pleads :
Yes, Dagon's self must fall ;
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found
To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

Oh, yes ! there is a balm,
A kind Physician, there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair :

Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

Oh, may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

J. TAYLOR.

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY."

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears:
Alas! how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distuned in every string.

My music is a captive's chains;
Harsh sounds my ears do fill:
How shall I sing sweet Zion's song
On this side Zion's hill?

Yet, lo! I hear a joyful sound, —
"Surely I quickly come:"
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full honeycomb.

And dost thou *come*, my dearest Lord?
  And dost thou *surely* come?
And dost thou *surely quickly* come?
  Methinks I am at home!

My Jesus is gone up to heaven
  To get a place for me;
For 'tis his will, that, where he is,
  There should his servants be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
  Of Canaan's grapes I taste:
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
  Will send for *me* at last.

I have a God that changeth not:
  Why should I be perplext?
My God, that owns me in this world,
  Will own me in the next.

Go fearless then, my soul, with God
  Into another room:
Thou who hast walkèd with him here,
  Go, see thy God at home.

My dearest friends they dwell above;
  Them will I go to see:
And all my friends in Christ below
  Will soon come after me.

Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound;
Dread not the day of doom:
For he that is to be the Judge
Thy Saviour is become.

JOHN MASON.

JESUS.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul;
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE REST FROM SIN.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where doubt and pain and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love;

A rest of lasting joy and peace,
Where all is calm within;
'Tis there from our own works we cease,
From pride and self and sin.

Our spirit right, our heart is clean,
Our nature is renewed:
We cannot — no, we cannot — sin;
For we are born of God.

From every evil motive freed,
(The Son hath made us free,)
On all the powers of hell we tread,
In glorious liberty.

Redeemed, we walk on holy ground;
In Christ we cannot err:
No lion in that way is found;
No ravenous beast is there.

Safe in the way of life, above
Death, earth, and hell we rise:
We find, when perfected in love,
Our long-sought paradise.

Within that Eden we retire;
We rest in Jesu's name:
It guards us as a wall of fire,
And as a sword of flame.

Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now, the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

I groan from sin to be set free,
From self to be released:
Oh! take me, take me, into thee,
Mine everlasting Rest.

I would be thine,—thou know'st I would,—
And have thee all mine own:
Thee, O mine all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.

Thy name to me, thy nature, grant;
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want,—
Nothing in earth or heaven.

Come, O my Saviour! come away;
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

The bliss thou hast for me prepared
No longer be delayed:
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God!

CHARLES WESLEY.

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat:
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths he taught
Often set their hearts on flame:
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer:
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much he thought:
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night:
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God!
See, my soul! thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

View him in that olive-press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with blood;
Hear him pray in his distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God;
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's water-pool,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds:
Think on these, my soul, my soul!
Wouldst thou Sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death:
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Ofttimes with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court:
Oh! confer that grace again;
Lord, resort with worthless me
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favor so divine;
But, since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this, my woful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane! —

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws.
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause, —
Sins immense as is the sea:
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour! all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with thy mercy's dart;
Wound the heart that wounded thee;
Break it in Gethsemane.

JOSEPH HART.

A MEDITATION IN SICKNESS.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away;

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In Life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid;

Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath;

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his;

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more:

Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day, —
The God that died for me ;
And all my rising bones shall say,
"Lord, who is like to thee ?"

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know !

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

Oh, may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away !

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

"Come and See."

MASTER, where abidest thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis thee we seek:
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak:
Canst thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore, —
The transforming look to thee:
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest thou?
How shall we thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might:
Looking draws the heart to thee;
Sends us from the absorbing sight
With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest thou?
All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow;
And we wait thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest
Where the just abide with thee,
From the Voice which makes them blest,
Comes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian, tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning to its end, —
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend,
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And, from where her home shall be,
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and see!"

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTA FAMILY."

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health;
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth;
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir, —
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,—
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

THE LORD'S DAY.

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling,
When over earth God's Spirit from above
Spreads out his wings of love;
When sacred thoughts, like angels, come appealing
To our tent-doors! O eve! to earth and heaven
The sweetest of the seven.

How peaceful are thy skies! thy air is clearer,
As on the advent of a gracious time.
The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer:
I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,
God's voice among the trees.

Oh! while the hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,
The chamber where I muse

Turns to a temple. He, whose converse thrilling
Honored Emmaus that old eventide,
Comes sudden to my side.

'Tis light at evening-time when thou art present:
Thy coming to the Eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ! its gloom.
So bless my lonely hour, that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last.

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footstep I may press
Toward thy holiness;
And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,
Support my cross along that rugged road
Which thou hast sometime trod.

I long to see thee; for my heart is weary.
Oh! when, my Lord, in kindness wilt thou come
To call thy banished home?
The scenes are cheerless, and the days are dreary:
From sorrow and from sin I would be free,
And evermore with thee.

Even now I see the golden city shining
Up the blue depths of that transparent air:
How happy all is there!
There breaks a day which never knows declining;
A sabbath, through whose circling hours the blest
Beneath thy shadow rest.

JAMES D. BURNS.

PANTING FOR JESUS.

MY soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by His hand:
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marred, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall, —
These were His golden chains of love
His captive to inthrall.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away!"

With hope deferred, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry:
Let not the Saviour chide my haste;
For then would I reply,

"May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release?
A prisoner, to be free?

"A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear:
And she that waits her absent Lord
May sigh till he appear.

"I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows;
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depth of all thy woes.

"I fain would strike my harp divine
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.

"Ah! leave me not in this base world,
A stranger still to roam:
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself;
Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

ROBERT C. CHAPMAN.

"MY FLESH AND MY HEART FAILETH."

IN weakness at Thy feet I lie:
Thine eye each pang hath seen.
Scarce can I lift my heart on high;
Yet, Lord, on thee I *lean*,—

Lean on thy sure, unfailing word,
Thy gentle "It is I;"
For thou, my ever-living Lord,
Know'st what it is to die.

Thou wilt be with me when I go,—
Thy life my life in death;
For, in the lowest depths, I know
Thine arms are underneath.

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast:
It is the mother's gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.

Just so thy child would cling to thee,
  Knowing thy pity long;
For, feeble as my faith may be,
  Thy hand I clasp it strong.

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTA FAMILY."

HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

AT this thy banquet, Lord of all,
  May less than angel dare to sup?
The crumbs that from thy table fall
  Unworthy we to gather up.

Yet, oh! too poor to turn away,
  Too glad to own thy gracious claim,
We stay because thou bid'st us stay,
  Despite our garb of want and shame.

Before thine altar kneeling low,
  We bare our sinful hands to thine:
O holy Lord! thy pity show,
  And cleanse us with thy touch divine.

Fill thou these empty palms with food, —
  The bread thou broughtest from above;
This cup with thy most precious blood, —
  The wine of thy atoning love.

The hunger and the thirst we plead
No meaner feast could satisfy:
O Saviour! in our utter need,
Thou, thou must feed us, or we die!

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

A PRAYER TO CHRIST.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
Oh wondrous grace! oh boundless love!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside, —
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

FROM DESSLER, BY WESLEY.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

WALK in the light; so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again:
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every sin.

Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear:
Glory shall chase away its gloom;
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright;
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

THINGS HOPED FOR.

THESE are the crowns that we shall wear
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above the veiling sky,
They sparkle, like the stars of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which then we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun,
A blaze of burning amethyst, —
Ten thousand orbs in one, —

That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

These are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day;
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.

Fair vision, how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue!
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

Fair vision, how thou liftest up
The drooping brow and eye!
With the calm joy of thy sure hope
Fixing our souls on high.

Thy light makes even the darkest page
In memory's scroll grow fair;
Blanching the lines which tears and age
Had only deepened there.

With thee in view, the rugged slope
Becomes a level way,
Smoothed by the magic of thy hope,
And gladdened by thy ray.

With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the Tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure or blind:
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne ! come, robe and palm !
Burst forth, glad stream of peace !
Come, holy city of the Lamb !
Rise, Sun of Righteousness !

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
Forever be withdrawn ?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days ?
When shall thy gladness dawn ?

HORATIUS BONAR.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

MINE ! — What rays of glory bright
Now upon the promise shine !
I have found the Lord my light ;
I am his, and he is mine.

Mine ! — the promise often read,
Now in living truth impressed,
Once acknowledged in the head,
Now a fire within the breast.

Mine no more the crimson stains, —
Here I see them blotted out ;
Mine no more the bonds and chains ;
Mine no more the fear and doubt.

Mine acceptance at the throne;
Mine the Father's owning smile;
Mine the Father's love unknown, —
What shall from that love beguile?

Mine the yoke that's lined with love;
Mine the imputed righteousness;
Mine the armor for the fight;
Mine the way of holiness.

Mine the mighty Paraclete:
Such a weight of glory's given
Unto me! — a worm like me! —
Here in part, the whole in heaven.

Mine! — though oft my hand may fail,
He is strong, and holds me fast;
His dear blood shall still prevail;
He shall lead me home at last.

Mine! — When death the bars shall break,
'Mid the glories all divine,
"Satisfied" I shall awake,
Clasp his feet, and call *him mine!*

E. Z. B.

Look, and be saved.

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved;
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Oh! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on him all thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt hath not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the *blood*, that atones for the soul:
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath he endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

Thou art healed by his stripes, (wouldst thou add to the word?)
And he is thy righteousness made;

The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on:
Say, couldst thou be better arrayed?

Then doubt not thy pardon, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun:

But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then look, sinner, look unto him, and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as he.

"PERFECT IN LOVE."

"PERFECT in love!" — Lord, can it be,
Amidst this state of doubt and sin, —
While foes so thick without I see,
With weakness, pain, disease, within, —
Can perfect love inhabit here,
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

O Lord! amidst this mental night,
Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day.
My Saviour God, to me appear;
So love shall triumph over fear.

The River of Life.

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams which on that tide depend
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray, —

The pilgrim, faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul! do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,

To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop that wing when far it flies
From human care and toil and strife,
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the tree of life.

It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide has driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed
By the blest virtue that they bring;
So thy parched lips shall be unsealed,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy peace:
Not what the world calls rest;
That toil and care should cease;
That through bright, sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away.

And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day:
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure,
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joys
Or others' woe:
Thou, O dear Lord! wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm and fear and strife
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life,
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might,
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap:

They lean on thee, entranced
In calm and perfect rest.
Give us that peace, O Lord!
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee best.

A. A. PROCTER.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

ONLY silently resigned
To the counsels of Thy mind;
Willing, yet rejoicing not,
That Thy purpose shall be wrought:

Is this truly to submit?
Folding placid hands, to sit,
While innumerable feet
Thy triumphant coming meet?

Shall we say, "Thy will be done,"
And on our own errands run?
Vain and evil the design
We pursue apart from Thine.

Teach us how to *live* this prayer;
Reverently Thy plans to share;
More than echoes of Thy voice,
Make us partners in Thy choice.

Lift us up to catch from Thee
World-encircling sympathy;
Ardor, strength, and courage give;
As Thou livest, let us live.

Let our deeds be syllables
Of the prayer our spirit swells;
In us Thy desire fulfil;
By us work Thy gracious will.

LUCY LARCOM.

"TAKE UP THY CROSS, AND FOLLOW ME."

THE way seems long, dear Leader; and my feet
Are weary, pressing oft these thorns. 'Twere sweet,
Methinks, to rest. This heavy cross remove:
Thou surely need'st not thus my love to prove.
"Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down:
For earth's short rest wouldst lose thy heavenly crown?"

The way is dark, dear Leader; mists arise
That hide thy blessed presence from my eyes:

I stumble on this lonely mountain wild:
O loving Father! spare me, spare thy child.
"Dost hear my voice? Then follow as I bade:
Thou'rt safe if firm on me thy trust is stayed."

But I am faint, dear Leader, and I sink;
"My steps are well-nigh gone;" upon the brink
I helpless fall: put forth thy mighty power,
And save me, loving Father, in this hour.
"Drink freely of the brook that floweth by;
Then lift thy head, — thy Leader still is nigh."

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?
And may we here no resting-place e'er see?
Though faint and weary, light or dark the way,
Press forward e'en to reach heaven's blessed day?
"Enough that, as the Master, thou shouldst live:
Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown receive."

Onward, dear Jesus! safely by thee led,
"Faint, yet pursuing," still the path I'll tread:
Gird me with strength, then all my prayer shall be,
"Father, e'en so; it seemeth good to thee."
"And, as thy days, thy strength shall ever be;
While heaven's eternal glory waiteth thee."

Summer in the Soul.

AUTUMN was on the earth,
When Summer came to me, —
The "Summer in the soul," —
And set the life-springs free.

Darkness was on my life,
A heavy weight of night,
When the Sun arose within,
And filled my heart with light.

Ice lay upon my heart,
Ice-fetters still and strong,
When the living spring gushed forth,
And filled my soul with song.

That Summer shall not fade;
That Sun it setteth never;
The fountain in my heart
Springs full and fresh forever.

Since I have learned thy love,
My Summer, Lord, thou art, —
Summer to me, and day,
And life-springs in my heart.

Since I have learned thou art,
  THOU LIVEST, and art love,
Art love, and lovest me,
  Fearless I look above.

Thy blood blots out my sin;
  Thy love casts out my fear:
Heaven is no longer far,
  Since thou, its Sun, art near.

Here thou abid'st awhile,
  Here in the night with me:
Soon thou wilt take me home, —
  Home to thy light, with thee,

Where is no night, nor eyes
  Which, weeping, long for night:
Eyes whence thou wip'st the tears
  Can bear thy cloudless light.

Summer, life-fountains, day,
  Within, around, above,
Where we shall see thy face,
  Where we shall feel thy love!

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTA FAMILY."

Press On.

BE brave, my brother!
Fight the good fight of faith
With weapons proved and true;
Be faithful and unshrinking to the death;
Thy God will bear thee through.
The strife is terrible;
Yet 'tis not, 'tis not long:
The foe is not invincible,
Though fierce and strong.

Be brave, my brother!
The recompense is great,
The kingdom bright and fair:
Beyond the glory of all earthly state
Shall be the glory there.
Grudge not the heavy cost,
Faint not at labor here;
'Tis but a life-time at the most:
The day of rest is near.

Be brave, my brother!
He whom thou servest slights
Not even His weakest one;
No deed, though poor, shall be forgot,
However feebly done:

The prayer, the wish, the thought,
The faintly-spoken word,
The plan that seemed to come to nought,
Each has its own reward.

Be brave, my brother!
Enlarge thy heart and soul;
Spread out thy free, glad love;
Encompass earth, embrace the sea,
As does the sky above:
Let no man see thee stand
In slothful idleness,
As if there were no work for thee
In such a wilderness.

Be brave, my brother!
Stint not the liberal hand;
Give in the joy of love:
So shall thy crown be bright, and great
Thy recompense above;
Reward, not like the deed,
That poor, weak deed, of thine,
But like the God himself who gives,
Eternal and divine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

The Promise of Sanctification.

GOD of all power and truth and grace,
  Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
  Remains and stands forever sure, —

Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
  And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
  The seal of thine eternal love.

That I thy mercy may proclaim,
  That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
  And perfect holiness in me.

Chose from the world if now I stand,
  Adorned in righteousness divine;
If, brought into the promised land,
  I justly call the Saviour mine, —

Perform the work thou hast begun;
  My inmost soul to thee convert;
Love me, forever love thine own;
  And sprinkle with thy blood my heart.

Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and wash me clean:
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend and make me pure from sin.

Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every evil thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

Give me a new and perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

Oh! take this heart of stone away, —
(Thy rule it doth not, can not, own;)
In me no longer let it stay:
Oh! take away this heart of stone.

The hatred of my carnal mind
Out of my flesh at once remove;
Give me a tender heart, resigned
And pure, and filled with faith and love.

Within me thy good Spirit place, —
Spirit of health and love and power, —
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.

Cause me to walk in Christ my Way,
And I thy statutes shall fulfil,
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.

Hast thou not said, who canst not lie,
That I thy law shall keep and do?
Lord, I believe, though men deny:
They all are false; but thou art true.

Oh that I now, from sin released,
Thy word might to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,—
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

There let me ever, ever dwell:
Be thou my God, and I will be
Thy servant. Oh! set to thy seal;
Give me eternal life in thee.

From all remaining filth within
Let me in thee salvation have;
From actual and from inbred sin
My ransomed soul persist to save.

Wash out my old original stain:
Tell me no more, "It cannot be,"
Demons or men! The Lamb was slain;
His blood was all poured out for me!

Sprinkle it, Jesus, on my heart:
One drop of thine all-cleansing blood
Shall make my sinfulness depart,
And fill me with the life of God.

Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
Call for the corn, the living bread,—
The manna that comes down from heaven.

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor let me ever hunger more.

Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, oh! my leanness," cry,
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children, I!

The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
While my full soul doth still require
The whole eternity of love.

Holy and true and righteous Lord,
I want to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

Thy faithful mercy let me find,
In which thou causest me to trust;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And lay my spirit in the dust.

Show me how foul my heart hath been,
When all renewed by grace I am:
When thou hast emptied me of sin,
Show me the fulness of my shame.

Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above,
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

Confound, o'erpower me with thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred:
(All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord!)

Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,—
Be less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Closer to Thee.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the Hand
That leadeth me.
Hushed be my heart, and still;
Fear I no further ill:
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls,
Fresh every eve:
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And, with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me.

C. S. ROBINSON.

COME, JESUS; AND COME QUICKLY.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name!
Come, and possess this heart of mine:
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

Oh! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Dressed in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul would hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet intwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honor beauty so divine.

In vain the Tempter's flattering tongue;
The world in vain should bid me move, —
In vain; for I should gaze so long,
Till I were all transformed to love.

Then, mighty God! I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
Among them give these worlds away, —
These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode:
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

ISAAC WATTS.

OVER THE SUNSET SEA.

LAST night an arrow of light fell down
At the feet of a sad, earth-weary one,
Whose prayer was ever, in sorrow's hour,
"Heavenly Father, thy will be done."
Upward she glanced at the sapphire sky;
The sunset waves were rolling high;
And an angel stood on the far-off shore:

He beckoned to her with his shining hand, —
"I have found thee a home in the Eden land,
Where storms of earth are known no more:
Our Father sent me to guide thee o'er."

Then a rainbow-bridge the angel laid
Over the sea; and he took her hand,
And led her on through a golden mist,
Over the bridge, to the Eden land.
Bright forms she saw, as a shower of light
Fell from their wings like sunbeams bright;
Voices she heard, — and she knew them too, —
"Come to us, mamma, we're waiting for you,
Here, on the shore of the sunset sea."

They opened for her the gates of gold;
They led her up to the great white throne;
And, as she knelt at her Saviour's feet,
He smiled upon her, and said, "Well done!
Thou hast followed me long in the narrow way;
From the path of duty thou didst not stray:
Now thou shalt rest; thy work is o'er."
As the waves of the sunset sea grew dim,
The sweet stars sang their evening hymn:
Its burden was (I can hear it still),
"Watch and pray;" and I mean to, until
I, too, shall find rest on the "shining shore."

CONGREGATIONALIST.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I'VE been thinking of home; of "my Father's
house,
Where the many mansions be;"
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold;
Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold,
Which the righteous alone shall see.

I've been thinking of home, where they need
not the light
Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day,
For no night is there," but the weary may
Find rest from the world afar.

I've been thinking of home; of the river of life
That flows through the city so pure;
Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream,
Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem,
The sin-wounded soul to cure.

I've been thinking of home, of the loved ones
there,
Dear friends who have gone before,
With whom we walked to the death-river side,
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide,
Of the happy days of yore.

I've been thinking of home ; and my heart is full
Of love for the Lamb of God,
Who his precious life as a ransom gave
For a sinful race, e'en *our* souls to save
From Justice' avenging rod.

I've been thinking of home, and I'm homesick now :
My spirit doth long to be
In "the better land," where the ransomed sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King ;
Of mercy so costly, so free.

I've been thinking of home, — yea, "home, sweet home !"
Oh ! there may we all unite
With the white-robed throng, and forever raise
To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise
With glory and honor and might !

Index of Subjects and Authors.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
"Come up Hither" . . .	*Mrs. A. B. C. Keene* . . .	9
The Believer's Consecration	*Richard Baxter*	11
The Song of the Angels above	*Isaac Watts*	13
Looking to the Cross . . .	*Charles Wesley*	17
Toiling all the Night . . .	*John Keble*	13
Divine Adoption	*Madame Guyon*	21
The Method	*George Herbert*	22
Prisoners of Hope	*Charles Wesley*	24
Peace	*George Herbert*	26
The Indwelling Spirit . .	*Thomas Toke Lynch* . . .	28
I am His, and He is Mine .	*Henry Francis Lyte* . . .	30
The Soul's Surrender . . .	*Philip Doddridge*	32
What Then?	*E. J.*	33
Bring the Children with You	*Julia Gill*	34
My Saviour	*Dora Greenwell*	36
Come unto Me	*From St. Stephen*	37
Prayer	*George Herbert*	39
Pentecost	*John Keble*	40
Create in Me a Clean Heart	*Charles Wesley*	42
A German Trust-song . .	*Lampertius*	47
The White Raiment . . .	*Horatius Bonar*	49
Working with Thee . . .	*Anniversary F. G. Society* .	51
The Friend	*Mary Clemmer Ames* . .	52
Nothing to Do	*N. E.*	55
My Angel-dress	*Lucy Larcom*	56

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
The Offering	*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball*	58
Let Us draw Near	*Horatius Bonar*	63
Resignation to Christ	*Charles Wesley*	64
Thoughts of Christ	*Bernard of Fontaine*	66
A Little Bird I am	*Madame Guyon*	67
Forsaken, yet Hoping	*Isaac Watts*	69
Our Master	*Whittier*	70
The Love of God	*F. Austin*	77
"When thou hast shut thy Door, pray"	*Mary E. Atkinson*	78
Christ loved Unseen	*Ray Palmer*	79
"Abide in Me, and I in You"	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	80
I have found It	*Mrs. Charles, Author of "Cotta Family"*	81
Pencil-marks in a Book of Devotion	*Dora Greenwell*	83
The Refuge	*Charles Wesley*	84
"Ye did it not to Me"	*N. Y. Observer*	86
A Sacramental Hymn	*Horatius Bonar*	94
The Holy Catholic Church	*F. B. P.*	95
"When I awake, I am still with Thee"	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	98
The Master's Invitation	*A. D. F. Randolph*	99
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus	*J. H.*	101
The Fellowship of Suffering	*Theodore Tilton*	103
The Throne of Grace	*Miss Charlotte Elliott*	105
Perfection	*Faber*	107
Draw Me to Thee	*M. A. W.*	109
Jesus, the Ladder of my Faith	*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball*	110
Prayer against the Power of Sin	*Charles Wesley*	112
Trust	*Dean of Canterbury*	115
None but Thee	*Angelus*	116

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
"Not My Will, but Thine, be done"	*John Keble*	118
The Robe of Holiness	*Prof. T. C. Upham*	121
A Closer Walk with God	*Christian Intelligencer*	122
Self-consecration	*Isaac Watts*	124
Take me, O my Father! take me	*Ray Palmer*	126
The Way, the Truth, and the Life	*Author of "Cotta Family"*	127
In Him we live	*Horatius Bonar*	129
To Yonder Side	*Robert Murray M'Cheyne*	130
Thus would I live	*J. H.*	133
Union with Christ	*Prof. T. C. Upham*	134
Panting for Divine Love	*Charles Wesley*	135
Humble Service	*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball*	137
Forever with the Lord	*James Montgomery*	138
Simple Trust	*Madame Guyon*	139
The Hidden Life	*William Cowper*	141
The Hour of Prayer	*Miss Charlotte Elliott*	142
The Cancelled Bond		143
Hear my Cry	*Horatius Bonar*	144
Glory to God alone	*Madame Guyon*	146
Rejoicing in Hope	*Charles Wesley*	148
The Voyage	*Mrs. Mary Maxwell*	150
A Heavenly Breeze		157
The Gospel in the Lord's Supper	*Author of "Cotta Family"*	158
Love to Christ, Present or Absent	*Isaac Watts*	160
The Alpine Sheep	*Mrs. Maria Lowell*	162
Renouncing the World	*J. Taylor*	163
"Surely I come quickly"	*John Mason*	165
Jesus	*Philip Doddridge*	167
The Rest from Sin	*Charles Wesley*	168
Gethsemane	*Joseph Hart*	171

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
A Meditation in Sickness .	*Augustus M. Toplady* . .	174
"Come and See"	*Author of "Cotta Family"*	177
The Inner Calm	*Horatius Bonar*	178
The Fellowship of Saints .	*Anna Lætitia Barbauld* .	180
The Lord's Day	*James D. Burns*	181
Panting for Jesus	*Robert C. Chapman* . . .	183
"My Flesh and my Heart faileth"	*Author of "Cotta Family"*	185
Hymn for the Holy Communion	*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball* .	186
A Prayer to Christ . . .	*From Dessler, by Wesley* .	187
Walk in the Light		188
Things hoped for	*Horatius Bonar*	189
All Things are Yours . .	*E. Z. B.*	192
Look, and be saved		194
"Perfect in Love"		195
The River of Life.		196
The Peace of God . . .	*A. A. Procter*	197
"Thy Will be done" . .	*Lucy Larcom*	199
"Take up thy Cross, and follow Me"		200
Summer in the Soul . . .	*Author of "Cotta Family"*	202
Press On	*Horatius Bonar*	204
The Promise of Sanctification	*Charles Wesley*	206
Closer to Thee	*C. S. Robinson*	211
Come, Jesus; and come quickly	*Isaac Watts*	212
Over the Sunset Sea . .	*The Congregationalist* . .	213
Thoughts of Home		215

Index of First Lines.

PAGE.

After our child's untroubled breath 162
After the Christian's tears 33
A little bird I am 67
Art thou weary? art thou languid? 37
At this thy banquet, Lord of all 186
Autumn was on the earth 202

Be brave, my brother! 204
Behind the hills of Naphtali. 130
Blest be thy love, dear Lord 77

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm 178
Come, and rejoice with me 81
Come from the dimness of the past 52
Come, my fond, fluttering heart 163

Dear Lord, thy table is outspread 99
Downward through the still air falling 9

Earth has detained me prisoner long 13

Forever with the Lord! 138

God of all power and truth and grace 206
God of unfathomable love. 42
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me 28

Happy the hours, the golden days 69

Heavenly Father, I would wear 56
He gave me back the bond 143
Here, O my Lord! I see thee face to face 94
How blest the sacred tie that binds 180
How happy are the new-born race 21

I am not skilled to understand 36
I know not if or dark or bright 115
I know that my Redeemer lives 148
I know Thou art not far 129
Immortal Love, forever full 70
In weakness at Thy feet I lie 185
In weariness and pain 17
I sat, and gazed upon my sunny home 86
I sojourn in a vale of tears 165
It comes, it comes! I know not why 157
It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore 124
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God 187
It is an easy thing to say 137
I've been thinking of home, of my "Father's house" . 215

Jerusalem, my happy home 95
Jesus, I love. Come, dearest name! 212
Jesus, I love thy charming name 167
Jesus, the ladder of my faith 110
Jesus, these eyes have never seen 79
Jesus, while he dwelt below 171
Jesu, the very thought of thee 66
Just as God leads me I would go 47

Last night an arrow of light fell down 213
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest 30
Lord, I believe a rest remains 168
Lord, I desire to live as one 133
Lord, I have shut my door 78
Lord, weak and impotent I stand 109

Master, where abidest thou? 177
Mine!—what rays of glory bright 192
My God! is any hour so sweet 142
My soul, amid this stormy world 183
My whole though broken heart, O Lord! 11

No gospel like this feast 158
Nothing fair on earth I see 116
"Nothing to do" in this world of ours 55

O Lord my God! do thou thy holy will 118
O Loved! but not enough, though dearer far 146
O Love divine, how sweet thou art! 135
O strong to save and bless 144
O time of tranquil joy and holy feeling 181
Of all the joys we mortals know 160
Of what an easy, quick access 39
Oh for a closer walk with God 123
Oh happy day that fixed my choice 32
Oh, how the thought of God attracts 107
Oh that Thou wouldst, the heavens rent 112
Only silently resigned 199

"Perfect in love!"—Lord, can it be 195
Poor heart, lament 22
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads 24

Saviour! I follow on 211
Saviour, is there any thing 58
Sitting at the feet of Jesus 101
Sometimes I upward lift mine eyes 121
Still, still without ceasing 139
Still, still, with Thee, when purple morning breaketh . 98
Strong words are these: "O Lord! I seek but thee" . 83
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave . 26

Take me, O my Father! take me 126
That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord! 80
The babe, the bride, the quiet dead 49
The livelong night we've toiled in vain 18
"The Master has come over Jordan" 34
There is a pure and peaceful wave 196
There is a spot of consecrated ground 105
There is life for a look at the Crucified One 194
These are the crowns that we shall wear 189
The way seems long, dear Leader; and my feet . . . 200
They love their blessed Leader. Not more close . . 134
Thou art the Way 127
Thy cruel crown of thorns 103
To tell the Saviour all my wants 141
To the haven of Thy breast 84
'Twas lovely all,—this glorious earth 150

Walk in the light; so shalt thou know 188
We ask for peace, O Lord! 197
When God of old came down from heaven 40
When languor and disease invade 174
When shall Thy love constrain 64
Why stand I lingering without 63
Working, O Christ! with thee 51

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